

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

By

YUNUS EMRE

Turkish Sufi Poet

(AD.1240 – 1320)



Your love has wrested me away from me,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave
Day and night I burn, gripped by agony,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

I find no great joy being alive,
If I cease to exist, I would not grieve,
The only solace I have is your love,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

Lover yearn for you, but your love slays them,
At the bottom of the sea it lays them,
It has God's images - it displays them,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

Even if, at the end they make me die
And scatter my ashes up to the sky,
My pit would break into this outcry:
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

Let me drink the wine of love sip by sip,
Like Mecnun, live in the hills in hardship,
Day and night, care for you holds me in its grip,
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

'Yunus Emre the mystic' is my name,
Each passing day fans and rouses my flame,
What I desire in both worlds is the same:
You're the one I need, you're the one I crave

A SINGLE WORD CAN BRIGHTEN THE FACE

A single word can brighten the face
of one who knows the value of words.
Ripened in silence, a single word
acquires a great energy for work.

War is cut short by a word,
and a word heals the wounds,
and there's a word that changes
poison into butter and honey.

Let a word mature inside yourself.
Withhold the unripened thought.
Come and understand the kind of word
that reduces money and riches to dust.

Know when to speak a word
and when not to speak at all.
A single word turns the universe of hell
into eight paradises.

Follow the Way. Don't be fooled
by what you already know. Be watchful.
Reflect before you speak.
A foolish mouth can brand your soul.

Yunus, say one last thing
about the power of words --
Only the word "I"
divides me from God.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

ASK THOSE WHO KNOW

Ask those who know,
what's this soul within the flesh?
Reality's own power.
What blood fills these veins?

Thought is an errand boy,
fear a mine of worries.
These sighs are love's clothing.
Who is the Khan on the throne?

Give thanks for His unity.
He created when nothing existed.
And since we are actually nothing,
what are all of Solomon's riches?

Ask Yunus and Taptuk
what the world means to them.
The world won't last.
What are You? What am I?

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

I AM BEFORE, I AM AFTER

I am before, I am after
The soul for all souls all the way.
I'm the one with a helping hand
Ready for those gone wild, astray.

I made the ground flat where it lies,
On it I had those mountains rise,
I designed the vault of the skies,
For I hold all things in my sway.

To countless lovers I have been
A guide for faith and religion.
I am sacrilege in men's hearts
Also the true faith and Islam's way.

I make men love peace and unite;
Putting down the black words on white,
I wrote the four holy books right
I'm the Koran for those who pray.

It's not Yunus who says all this:
It speaks its own realities:
To doubt this would be blasphemous:
"I'm before-I'm after," I say.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

KNOWLEDGE SHOULD MEAN A FULL GRASP OF KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge should mean a full grasp of knowledge:
Knowledge means to know yourself, heart and soul.
If you have failed to understand yourself,
Then all of your reading has missed its call.

What is the purpose of reading those books?
So that Man can know the All-Powerful.
If you have read, but failed to understand,
Then your efforts are just a barren toil.

Don't boast of reading, mastering science
Or of all your prayers and obeisance.
If you don't identify Man as God,
All your learning is of no use at all.

The true meaning of the four holy books
Is found in the alphabet's first letter.
You talk about that first letter, preacher;
What is the meaning of that-could you tell?

Yunus Emre says to you, Pharisee,
Make the holy pilgrimage if need be
A hundred times -- but if you ask me,
A visit to the heart is best of all.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

ONE WHO IS REAL IS HUMBLE

To be real on this path you must be humble--
If you look down at others you'll get pushed down the stairs.

If your heart goes around on high, you fly far from this path.
There's no use hiding it--
What's inside always leaks outside.

Even the one with the long white beard, the one who looks so wise--
If he breaks a single heart, why bother going to Mecca?
If he has no compassion, what's the point?

My heart is the throne of the Beloved,
the Beloved the heart's destiny:
Whoever breaks another's heart will find no homecoming
in this world or any other.

The ones who know say very little
while the beasts are always speaking volumes;
One word is enough for one who knows.

If there is any meaning in the holy books, it is this:
Whatever is good for you, grant it to others too--

Whoever comes to this earth migrates back;
Whoever drinks the wine of love
understands what I say--

Yunus, don't look down at the world in scorn--

Keep your eyes fixed on your Beloved's face,
then you will not see the bridge
on Judgment Day.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

THE DRINK SENT DOWN FROM TRUTH

The drink sent down from Truth,
we drank it, glory be to God.
And we sailed over the Ocean of Power,
glory be to God.

Beyond those hills and oak woods,
beyond those vineyards and gardens,
we passed in health and joy, glory be to God.

We were dry, but we moistened.
We grew wings and became birds,
we married one another and flew,
glory be to God.

To whatever lands we came,
in whatever hearts, in all humanity,
we planted the meanings Taptuk taught us,
glory be to God.

Come here, let's make peace,
let's not be strangers to one another.
We have saddled the horse
and trained it, glory be to God.

We became a trickle that grew into a river.
We took flight and drove into the sea,
and then we overflowed, glory be to God.

We became servants at Taptuk's door.
Poor Yunus, raw and tasteless,
finally got cooked, glory be to God.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

THE LOVER IS OUTCAST AND IDLE

My soul,
the way of the masters
is thinner than the thinnest.
What blocked Solomon's way was an ant.

Night and day the lover's
tears never end,
tears of blood,
remembering the Beloved.

"The lover is outcast and idle,"
they used to tell me.
It's true.
It happened to me.

I tried to make sense of the Four Books,
until love arrived,
and it all became a single syllable.

You who claim to be dervishes
and to never do what God forbids --
the only time you're free of sin
is when you're in His hands.

Two people were talking.
One said, "I wish I could see this Yunus."
"I've seen him," the other says,
"He's just another old lover."

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

THE MATURE ONES ARE A SEA

The mature ones are a sea.
A lover is needed to take the plunge,
a diver to bring up a pearl.

When you have brought
the pearl to the surface,
a jeweler is needed to know its worth.

Stay on the road until you arrive.
Be speechless. Don't become a salesman.
Find an 'Ali to follow.

Muhammed knew Truth in himself.
Truth is present everywhere.
You only need eyes to see it.

Ask your daily sustenance from Truth,
the only Apportioner. Find someone
who is master of his ego.

The lovers asked me to sing.
Someone without greed is needed
to complete what is started.

Sufi, who are you kidding?
Can anyone but Truth
satisfy a human need?

Truth's place is in the heart.
There is a verse in the Quran-In soul
love has a tower higher than the throne of Creation.

I've gone crazy on this Way.
I can't tell day from night.
The arrow of Love has pierced my heart.

Come, poor Yunus, come,
hold the hands of the mature.
In their humility is a cure.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

TRUE SPEECH IS THE FRUIT OF NOT SPEAKING

True speech is the fruit of not speaking.
Too much talking clouds the heart.

If you want to clear the heart,
say this much, the essence of all talking:

Speak truly. God speaks through words truly spoken.
Falsity ends in pain.

Unless you witness all of creation in a single glance,
you're in sin even with all your religion.

The explanation of the Law is this:
The Law is a ship. Truth is her ocean.

No matter how strong the wood,
the sea can smash the ship.

The secret is this:
A "saint" of religion may in reality be an unbeliever.

We will master this science and read this book of love.
God instructs. Love is His school.

Since the glance of the saints fell on poor Yunus
nothing has been a misfortune.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

WE ENCOUNTERED THE HOUSE OF REALIZATION

We encountered the house of realization,
we witnessed the body.

The whirling skies, the many-layered earth,
the seventy-thousand veils,
we found in the body.

The night and the day, the planets,
the words inscribed on the Holy Tablets,
the hill that Moses climbed, the Temple,
and Israfil's trumpet, we observed in the body.

Torah, Psalms, Gospel, Quran --
what these books have to say,
we found in the body.

Everybody says these words of Yunus
are true. Truth is wherever you want it.
We found it all within the body.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

TO BE IN LOVE...

To be in love with love is to gain a soul,
to sit on the throne of hearts.

To love the world is to be afflicted.
Later the secrets start to make sense.

Don't be a bramble,
become the rose. Let your maturity unfold.
The brambles will only burn.

Prayer was created by God so man could ask for help.
It's too bad if you haven't learned to ask.

Accept the breath of those who are mature-
let it become your divining rod.
If you obey your self, things turn out wrong.

Renouncing the world is the beginning of worship.
If you are a believer, believe this.

Respect your parents and ancestry,
and you will have fine green clothes of your own.

If you earn the complaints of neighbors,
You'll stay in Hell forever.

Yunus heard these words from the masters.
If you need this advice, take it.

They say one who is received by a heart
becomes more beautiful.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

OH FRIEND

Oh Friend, when I began to love You,
my intellect went and left me.
I gazed at the rivers. I dove into the seas.

But a spark of Love's fire
can make the seas boil.
I fell in, caught fire, and burned.

A soul in love is free of worries.
With love all problems left me.
With love I became happy.

When the nightingale saw the face
of the red rose, it fell in love.
I saw the faces of those who matured,
and became a nightingale.

I was a dead tree fallen onto the path.
When a master threw me a glance and
brought me to life.

Yunus, if you are a true lover,
humble yourself.
Humility was chosen by them all.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

THOSE WHO BECAME COMPLETE

Those who became complete
didn't live this life in hypocrisy,
didn't learn the meaning of things
by reading commentaries.

Reality is an ocean; the Law is a ship.
Many have never left the ship,
never jumped into the sea.

They might have come to Worship
but they stopped at rituals.
They never knew or entered the Inside.

Those who think the Four Books
were meant to be talked about,
who have only read explanations
and never entered meaning,
are really in sin.

Yunus means "true friend"
for one whose journey has begun.
Until we transform our Names,
we haven't found the Way.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

I AM A FATHERLESS PEARL

I am a fatherless pearl unrecognized by the sea.
I am the drop that contains the ocean.

Its waves are amazing. It's beautiful to be a sea
hidden within an infinite drop.

When Majnun spoke Layla's name,
he broke the meter of his poem.
I was both Layla and Majnun who adored her.

Mansur did not speak idly of Unity.
He was not kidding when he said, "I am Truth."

In this world of many,
You are Joseph and I am Jacob.
In the universe of Unity,
there is neither Joseph nor Canaan.

That my name is Yunus
is a problem in this material world.
But if you ask my real name,
it is the Power behind all powers.

English version by
Kabir Helminski & Refik Algan

KNOWLEDGE IS TO UNDERSTAND WHO YOU ARE

Knowledge is to understand
To understand who you are.
If you know not who you are
What's the use of learning?

The aim in learning is
To understand God's Truth.
Because without knowledge
It is wasted hard labour.

Do not say: I know it all,
I am obedient to my God.
If you know not who God is
That is sheer idle talk.

Twenty-eight syllables
You read from end to end.
You name the first `alpha"
What can it possibly mean?

Yunus Emre says also
Let me receive what I need.
The best possible thing
Is to find perfect peace.

English version by
Taner Baybars

HOW WILL YOU FIND HAQQ?

How will you find Haqq unless you are a slave to Haqq,
Unless you snuggle down on the doorsteps of the sages?

One orchard which was ruined, filled with thorns,
How will you clean it up unless you burn with fire?

In a deserted wilderness, can fire be found
Unless you gather tinder and flint together?

Don't stay in the wilderness, don't let your fire die,
Flame will be dimming unless you reach to the furnace of fire.

This sun of truth rises from the Unity,
It doesn't give its flames to Yunus unless the shames are gone.

English version by
İsmail Ulusakarya

IF YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH LOVE

If you are in love with Love, you become a true fellow.
You become a cure for people's sorrow.

If you are in love with the worldly, you are an addict.
How can you attain the secret in meaning?

World is a ramshackle palace, and you are its prince.
You ever so much crave the worthless things.

Worldly desires are not honey but poison.
You ever so much dunk your finger in bane.

Like a wingless bird, you are stuck in the wilderness.
How will you reach the winged birds?

To walk on this road, you need a staff from the mystics.
So you can lean against it, if you lose your balance.

These words of Yunus are for the beautiful ones.
If you become a Lover, you will wake up and open your eyes.

English version by
Ismail Ulusakarya

WHERE ARE THESE WORDS COMING FROM?

He who knows the source of the words,
come and tell now, where these words are coming from.
They who does not understand the source of words,
Misconceive that it is me where these words are coming from.

The words turn worry into joy,
The words turn familiar into unfamiliar.
It is the words where everybody's,
Pain and glory come from.

Not black and white, not the literacy
Not this walking creature
But the voice of The Creator
Is where the words are coming from.

I have neither read the first letter of alphabet
Nor are my sayings from another letter.
One hundred thousand soothsayers don't know
That which star my fortune is coming from.

Shining on us is not from The Moon.
The Lover is not from that kind.
It is not this house but the ocean,
Where my daily bread is coming from.

We are a means there.
What else are we able to do?
Haqq commands to the heart,
It is where my sayings are coming from.

Yunus laments because of a sorrow.
He is in trouble in his house of pain.
A thousand words of remorse are where
The cure and redemption for this sorrow come from.

English version by
Ismail Ulusakarya

A LOVING HEART

Dear friends, listen to me now,
Love's like the shining sun,
A heart without love
Is nothing more than a stone.

What rises up in a stony heart?
No matter how softly it begins,
The tongue's soft words
Soon turn to war when poison spews.

A loving heart burns and burns,
Then it melts like wax in the flame,
But a heart that is hard as stone
Is like winter, dark and mean and cold.

In the service of this Sultan,
In the presence of this Lord of might,
The star of all lovers shines
Like a faithful, royal servant.

Now Yunus, let your fears vanish
While flowering illusions of this world fade,
A true man first needs love, and from
Then on he is no different from a dervish.

ARE YOU A TRUE LOVER

If you don't sacrifice your soul
On the path of love,
Are you a true lover?
If you don't press hard
For union with the Friend,
Are you a true lover?

If you don't strengthen
Your love for the Friend,
Forgetting all desire and attachment,
Are you a true lover?

Love needs no witness,
Not every soul rises up to heaven,
If you don't burn
In love's fire like a moth,
Are you a true lover?

If you don't give up those desires
Of the self and you don't
Drink from the cup of love,
If you have no determination
On the path to the Friend,
Are you a true lover?

If you don't worship by day
And by night, devoting yourself to God,
If you don't remember God in a crowd,
Are you a true lover?

Now Yunus, be patient
In your suffering for this Friend,
If your heart is not pierced
By the arrow of love,
Are you a true lover?

TO BE ALONE WITH YOU

Beloved, the arrow of Your love
Can actually go through stone,
We who are captured by Your love
Lose both mind and soul.

We shed tears by day and by night
As we get to know Your love,
When we worry about You alone,
All our fears and troubles drop away.

May the hearts that fall
Into Your love just burn and burn,
We deliver ourself to You,
And abandon everything else but You.

Worldly love is merely
A deadly kind of food,
When we see the end with wisdom,
We turn down that poisonous food.

If our mind is truly sound,
We don't do our duty for wages,
We are not enslaved by hours,
We ignore them when they turn their face to us.

The true lover dashes off to give
His mind and his soul to the Beloved,
He offers his life a thousand times
For union with the Friend.

For all those who are wise, this world
Is nothing but a dream or a picture,
And when we surrender ourself to You,
We forget about this dream.

The heart and eyes of Yunus
Are filled with love of Haqq,
With love of our God alone,
He forgets all his friends,
Because he wants to be alone with Haqq.

TO BE A LOVER

Whoever claims to be a lover
Does not think of passion or desires,
Whoever comes to the house of love
Has no interest in anything, no attachment to anything.

Whoever is a true lover no longer
Remembers this world and the hereafter,
Whoever expects titles and struts
With arrogance is not a true lover.

Arrogance and honor belong
To love of this world,
Whoever loves the titles of the world
Never talks about love.

Whoever talks about love with his tongue alone,
Does not know what love is,
So here is my explanation,
Love is exalted in a priceless way.

It is slanderous to call someone a lover
Who does not renounce love of the world,
Love does not come to an inner heart
Filled with arrogance and love of the world.

Love does not accept arrogance
Or love of the world:
These are not my words, love itself
Does not find them correct.

Let those whose hearts taste love
Forget about everything except love,
No other vehicle but love
Will reach the presence of the Friend.

Let those who are true lovers
Walk the path with love,
Whoever uses the eye of the inner heart
Never stumbles into traps along the way.

Let those who call Yunus a lover
Be careful, do not imitate him,
Many will be lost because
Our destination is far away.

THE BELOVED IS ENOUGH

A person who sees Your face once
Will never forget You all his life,
On his prayer beads he recites only Your name,
He can't remember anything except You.

If an ascetic, always in prayer to You,
Should catch sight of You once,
He will forget his prayer
And prostrate before You alone.
If his eyes happen to fall upon You
With sugar in his mouth,
He forgets the sugar, he no longer needs
To chew and swallow that kind of sweetness.

If they ask me what You are worth,
Because of my love for You,
I'd say the wealth of the two worlds
Would not be enough to describe it.

If these two worlds were nothing but
Vineyards and gardens of roses,
No rose would grow in any garden
With a fragrance better than Yours.

For lovers the Beloved is enough,
He is the scent of roses and sweet basil,
The Beloved stands before
The lover every instant, every moment.

When the sound of Israfil's trumpet
Makes everything rise from the grave,
My ear will still hear nothing more
Than the pure resonance of Your voice.

If Venus herself were to come down
To earth and sing her sweetest songs,
A lover's gaze would never turn to look,
Since You are all the lover's joy.

What can the wealth of this world
Or the next mean without You?
Let no one doubt both worlds
Are sacrificed to You.

If the houris of the eight heavens
Come to me adorned in their beauty,
My heart will never accept
Any other love but Yours.

Whatever exists in this world
Will be there in the hereafter,
When houris and the servants of paradise come,
The lover should not reach out to them.

Ever since Yunus fell in love with You,
Happiness has come to his soul,
At every moment he is reborn,
His life is always young.

DON'T TELL LIES TO LOVE

My friends, do you know
Where the true friends of God are?
Wherever I look I see them,
Wherever I want to see them I do.

My words are like echoes
Bouncing off the stone of those
Who feel no love in their heart,
Know this, whoever feels no inner love
Is truly remote from me.

Come, don't become a liar,
Don't tell lies to love, just come,
If you tell lies here, tomorrow
You will be locked up there.

Now if you don't know where
You come from, and you don't understand
The meaning of these words,
Still longing for union
With Haqq, with the Truth, know that
This wisdom can be found in the Qur'an.

My words are true, He is the source of love
And He gives His love,
Whoever keeps a ray of love
In his heart is actually manifesting God.

Many say Yunus is an old man,
They plead with him to forget this love,
But the arrow of love has just pierced
Us now and the wound is still fresh.

THE FIRES OF LOVE

This soul of mine is suffering from yearning,
The desire to come back to God, its beginning,
Is there any pain worse
Than my endless longing for You?

The fires of love rage in my heart,
The whole world witnesses the fires burning my heart,
Whenever someone is on fire somewhere,
The sign is that smoke pouring from him.

This love of mine has dispatched a guard
For the house of my heart,
My soul is captured already,
How can my enemies harm me?

Let me spread the news to other countries,
Let me write my will for other lovers,
Let me warn them that
The Beloved plays with the lover's heart.

I wonder why there is no remedy
To be found for my sorrow,
I wonder who it can be
Withholding the healer of my sorrow.

According to the sultans' laws,
Their slaves are bound to do wrong,
According to the sultans' will, their slaves
Are either subdued or sent to the market for sale.

Now Yunus do not complain, do not
Mention the pain your Beloved has caused,
All the longing of the lovers will come to an end
When they are in the presence of their Beloved.

THE GARMENT OF LOVE

Hold tight to the garment of love,
Don't think of death as the end,
If you read just one alif in love's book,
There will be no questioning for you.

If you believe in what you call love,
And follow it with all your heart,
Your soul alone will be
The sacrifice on this path, because
Nothing else you have is worth it.

If you want to learn
The true sign of the few, know that
When the essence is pure,
No words they say can cause harm.

It is a sign of those who are wise,
They always have wisdom in their heart,
They surrender themselves to God,
And never say any unkind thing.

Don't you see the bee
Taking honey from every flower?
And yet there is no honey
In the home of the fly or the moth.

If you really want these pearls and jewels,
Serve only those who are wise,
The thousands of words from the ignorant
Have no meaning, they do not speak to you.

Poor Yunus, a poison that kills
Now becomes the antidote in love's hands,
If the heart feels no love, none
Of your prayers, your knowledge and practices
Are in any way valid at all.

LOVE IS AN EXALTED STATION

Love is an exalted station,
Love is ancient and eternal,
If you speak of love your tongue is grace,
Your tongue is the voice of the All-powerful.

He is the One who speaks, He is the One who hears,
He is the One who sees, He is the one who lets us see,
He is the One who utters every word,
Our form is the house of the soul.

How does this form find words,
How can it be the master of language?
He has given form to speech,
He has given wisdom to the tongue.

To speak is our duty,
To speak is our intoxicated joy,
What we drank, what makes us drunk
Is sherbet, the sweet waters of love.

What you say belongs to Him,
He is the One who speaks, the words are His,
He is ours, we are His,
This worship of the tongue is different.

Even if you do not believe in God, you
Will find no lies in the things Yunus says,
If you throw your life away in the dark,
You lose the wisdom of the divine.

LOVE PERMEATES MY HEART

Love permeates my heart and my eyes
My tongue speaks of this love,
My face enveloped within
The tears of this love.

My body is burning and
Smoking like aloe wood.
Whoever sees my smoke now
Takes it for the wind of dawn.

Iron helmets can't resist
To this love's fire,
Its arrows pierce through the soul,
It is the path of certitude.

I constantly remember my Shah,
He speaks to me,
He is with me at every moment.

Whoever loves you loses his mind,
If he comes to his senses
Just for a second,
He is mad at every moment.

Let Yunus become earth
On this path of the true men.
The destination of the true men is
Higher than skies and heavens.

LOVERS DEAR LOVERS

Lovers, dear lovers,
The sect of love is my religion,
When my eyes saw the face of the Beloved

Every sorrow became a joy for me.

Sultan, my Sultan,
Since I gave myself to You,
From beginning to end
You are my life and my wealth.

The source of this mind and this soul
Was with You at the beginning,
You are the beginning, the end
And all that lies between,
I can only go towards You.

I come from You and I go to You,
My tongue says Your name within You,
Yet I cannot touch You, and
This divine wisdom holds me in awe.

I don't call myself I any more,
I don't call anyone you any more,
I can't say this one is a servant,
That one is a sultan,
This makes no sense at all.

Since I found this love of the Beloved
Both the world and the hereafter are the same to me,
If You ask me about the eternal beginning and the eternal end,
They are today and tomorrow.

No longer can I mourn
Or cloud my inner heart,
I have heard the resonance of Haqq,
And I will never forget this moment.

Don't let me forget Your love,
Don't let me wander from Your gate,
If I should lose my self,
Let me find that self in You.

My Beloved created me then sent me here,
Go, he said, just see the world,
And I come to observe the beauty of the world,
Let those who love You
Never be content with the world.

He tells this to His servants,
You will see Me tomorrow,
But listen, that tomorrow
Of His lovers is my today.

Who else learned such wisdom
With the pain of all this love?
And if this is ever to be known,
No one can speak of it,
I turn my heart to You.

You are my soul and my world,
You are my treasure and my wealth,
Anything I win or lose is from You,

What I do no longer belongs to me.

Yunus turns his face to You,
Forgetting himself completely
As You speak to You,
It is You who speaks for me.

LOVERS DON'T DIE

Leave behind this fear of death,
Lovers don't die, but eternal.
What is this death to the lover?
The lover will meet God's divine light.

What is this fear of death?
You will meet Haqq.
Without doubt you will find eternity,
And death is the fear of wicked ones.

Turn your gazes to this essence,
This hidden treasure and light,
This light never vanishes,
I am now He.

When we were not gathered in the beginning,
We were still with Him,
Now come and understand
Who the origin of this servant is.

We were together in the beginning,
We were in union with Him,
Any being other than His becomes separated,
His Being is the cradle for the soul.

The duality of this world never destroys
This eternal unity,
Our heart is one with Him,
The soul is tied to His Power.

Whoever knows this is no longer a guest to Him,
Whoever comes here falls into trap of living.
And the path to become union with Him
Is certain to the one who looks for.

He rules His sovereignty,
Only He knows His acts.
And He created all,
His sovereignty is the house for His Being.

Yunus, good news arrived to you,
You are ordered to go to the Friend,
It is the invitation of the One, who says,
“Everything will return to Him.”

MOUNTAINS AND SEAS DO NOT HOLD ME

I'm now love's silly duck,
And the seas all adore me,
The sea is just a drop of me,
Yet each drop seems to be an ocean to me.

Even the Kaf Mountains are not
A drop of my dust,
The sun and the moon are both my slaves,
Have no doubt that I come from God,
And the Qur'an is my guide on this path.

My path leads to the Friend
Who is endless knowledge
Embracing everything,

Love moves my tongue to speak
Of love, and love is my joy, my witness now.

Nothing in the universe was here before
When our Sultan existed alone,
Ah see, in the hands of love
My sorrow has become the remedy now.

Before Adam was created,
Before the soul was trapped in a body,
Before Satan was rejected,
The *'arsh*, the crowning divine throne,
Was the garden of witnessing for me.

Mustafa the Prophet was created,
His face flowered like a rose,
His pleasing heart shone,
He showed the meaning of faith,
And all these blessings come to us from God.

The people of the *shari'at*
In outer realms are far away,
They cannot come to this place,
I know the language of birds
Unknown to anyone else, because
Solomon speaks to me.

Now Yunus, those who know Haqq,
Those who know God are truly few in number,
But people say that dervishes are mad,
And their words slander me completely.

MY SULTAN

Sultan, my Sultan, at every moment
Doing different things,
This world Your garden plot, You keep
Planting sorrow in those You love.

Never do anything wrong, the moment
Of death is closer to you
Than you are to yourself,
Death burrows in the roots and origins
Of us all, we are the soil of death.

While you are still here, do endless good
Before it is time to go there,
Souls do not stay forever in bodies,
They just journey here a few days.

The questioning angel comes
Tearing up the earth as he asks,
"Who is your God?"
Since my soul heard of this,
My bones have not stopped aching.

Those who know God's unity, those
Who surrender the self to truth
Are not dead, their souls all still
Swim in the lake of love.

I have seen the friends of God fly away
As they drank the brimming cup of love,
Never mind that the truth
Lets them do whatever they want,
Their heads are still bowed.

If you are a true servant to the friends of God,
You die within Him as
So many friends who have come and gone,
Yunus, now it is time to be His friend.

THE ROSE GARDEN OF LOVE

Even if the two worlds were prison cells
They would be orchard gardens for me,
When the Friend bestows His favor
On me, I am not sad, I do not grieve.

If I were the slave of the Friend
I would flower like an opening rose,
I would be the nightingale singing of love,
I would live in the rose garden of love.

My eyes have seen the Beloved's face,
And my face is dust to the friends of God,
But for those who understand
My words, they are sweet sugar cane.

If you give up the claims of the world
And fly up all the way to the Beloved,
If you drink the wine of love,
You will certainly be drunk with enchantment.

If I cannot see You, both this world
And the hereafter are prison cells
For my eyes. Whoever knows Your love
Must surely be the purest and the best.

My inner self has never tired of Your love,
My tongue speaks of You in spite of myself,
Yunus, may these words of yours
Be an epic tale for all the worlds.

SURRENDER TO LOVE

What is this sorrow and separation
For someone seeking union with the Beloved,
In the eyes of such a person, what is the distance
For a being who knows the Friend is very near?

If you become one with the Friend
You must give up the world,
Let's see what preparation you have to make,
To make way along this path.

If you can reach this love,
If you surrender your life,
Surrender your soul to love,
If you witness the Friend without veils
And renounce your existence,
What is this illusion of existence?

Knowledge veils the eye,
The hereafter belongs to this world's reckoning,
Here we have love's book,
What is that page being read?

O wake up from the dream of the world,
Discover the traps of the nafs
Which are your worthless desires,
Move up to the station of the Friend,
Is there any state better than that?

You say you find the truth with your eyes,
Abandon these claims of mere appearance
And come to the realm of meaning,
The sun gives its light everywhere by day,
What does this oil lamp burn at night?

Yunus seems to belong to Him,
God permeates both worlds,
If you travel to the Friend
Come closer to me, what are
The houris and mansions of paradise?

WHAT IS THIS LOVE

What is this thing that gives
Pain of separation to me?
My soul was intoxicated,
Love is both poison and remedy to me.

Let the one who has sorrows
Ask for remedy to his sorrows,
It doesn't suffer me anymore,
My sorrow is now my remedy.

If you burn with love's fire
And earn people's hearts,
All darkness will vanish,
I need neither oil lamp nor torch.

If you read the four books descended from heaven
A thousand times in a day,
If you are still against the friends of God,
The beauty of Haqq's face is far away from you.

O poor Yunus, do not show pride
And arrogance to the friends of God,
Be like earth! Everything grows out of earth.
Earth is a rose orchard to me.

WHAT IS THIS WORRY OF YOURS?

If you become wise,
What is this attachment of yours
To appearance and the way it seems?
If you find the path of true meaning,
What is this worry of yours?

Let the wealth of the world go now,
Walk on the fires of love,
Keep going to the highest station,
What is this falling back of yours
As you walk along our path?

The wares of this body
Are fire, water, earth and air,
And they all return to their source,
What is this ignorance of yours
About your body's life?

The tavern of love has become
A mosque for every true soul,
You haven't lost a thing,
What is this lie of yours
About the life of the soul?

You're heading for the hereafter,
So leave this world of illusion behind,
If you are truly a lover,
What is this love of yours for riches,
This love of yours for earth?

You just go on saying
This is mine, this is mine,
Do you have some dispute with God?
Our Sultan hasn't judged your crime,
What is this going astray of yours?

You worry night and day,
And say what can I do
Because I am so poor?

He is ready to give you everything,
He offers you divine food,
What is this worry of yours about food?

Go help the poor and feed them,
Let God feed you if you
Happen to be running short,
One day soon they'll bury
Your body back in the earth, what is
This worry about how much you have left?

Now Yunus, you drank from the beaker
Of love and got drunk,
You used to be separate from God,
But now you are one with Him,
What is this sobriety of yours?

THE WING OF MY SOUL

If I ever take a step on this path
Without You I am helpless:
That power in my body
Which moves me here is You,

My heart, my life, my mind and all
That I know find peace in You,
The wing of my soul fills with joy
As it flies up to the Friend.

A lover who loses himself
Is made a falcon by his Beloved,
A hunter launched high
In pursuit of wild birds and game.

God in His might gives the strength
Of a thousand Hamzas to the lover
Who disrobes mountains

As he travels to the Friend,

Who digs into the heart of mountains,
Like Ferhad with a hundred thousand axes,
Shattering rocks to release
The spring of eternal life.

A fountain rising from the spring
Of eternal life is the lover's union
With the Beloved who speaks of love,
Burning those who thirst.

If you yearn for God's paradise,
I will never call you lover because
Paradise is still only a trap
To catch the souls of fools.

A lover who surrenders to the path
Of truth is already poor,
He accepts what you say,
Not allowed to break hearts.

We know those who came here have gone,
We see those who settled here have left,
But souls who drink from
The wine of love never die,

The soul of Yunus is not trapped
In the illusions of hell as he
Sets out on the path to the Friend,
Merging with His essence.

YOU ARE MY SOUL

You are the soul of my soul, and
I have no peace without You,
If You are not in paradise, I swear

I will never even look up there.

Wherever I look my eyes see only You,
Whatever I say my words are only You,
My only desire is to be Your witness,
And yet I have no desire.

Traveling on my way to You,
I have forgotten myself already,
Whatever I say, whatever state I'm in,
Without You, I have no peace.

If You kill me and bring me back to life
Seventy times, like Cercis, just
Take me back to You again,
I have lost all my pride in Your love.

Yunus falls into Your love too,
So reveal Your face to him,
You are my only Beloved, my heart
Is in love with nothing but You.

YOUR LOVE DECIDES

How can you live in this world
If you don't know something about love,
Everyone cares for something,
Everyone even loves something.

This world of Haqq
Holds a hundred thousand loves,
Look deep within yourself
To see which one is worthy of you.

On the one hand is the love
Of the compassionate, merciful One,
On the other is the love of satan, the rejected,
Your love decides
What you are worthy of.

The Prophet Muhammad
Fell into such love here,
His witness was the angel Gabriel,
His Beloved was the Creator.

Mustafa's companions were 'Umar,
'Uthman and 'Ali, and
The greatest of them
Was Abu Bakr, the truthful one.

When Muhammad, the joy of the universes,
Ascended to heaven on *mir'aj*,
He asked God, Haqq,
For blessings on his followers.

Yunus, this is the truth given to you,
How shameful it would be
If you were to look again
At all that you saw before.

Who asks what I am, listen, and understand my song:
Water, earth, fire and wind are my body,
Four walls composed by the elements in conflict,
This is a miracle, a gift of His command.

Wind and earth come together in air,
Fire finds its peace in water,
Destiny, life and death are then bestowed,
And the six directions created.

Let no one tell me about my soul, this is
Controlled by the One who gives me life,
And let my senses be open wide: always recognizing
His existence everywhere is the greatest good.

Our mind does not give us today's news, if we
Think about it, our mind dwells on yesterday's news,
Perception and reason will not go beyond this point where,
From there on, my world has died in this world.

O Yunus, how strange, you have so much here, with
The inner heart the place of my Love, with my tongue to witness this.

